

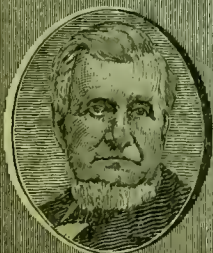


THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

AN
ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE

Published Semi Monthly
Designed Expressly for the
Education & Elevation
of the Young



GEORGE Q. CANNON,
EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Woodruff Pres. W.
box B
city

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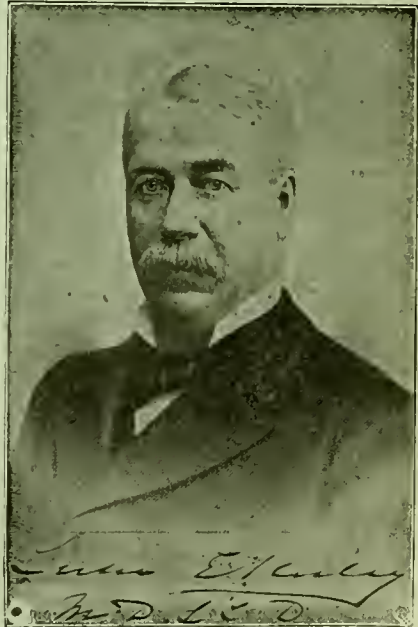
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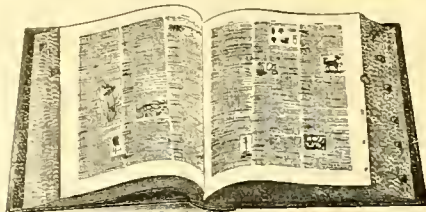
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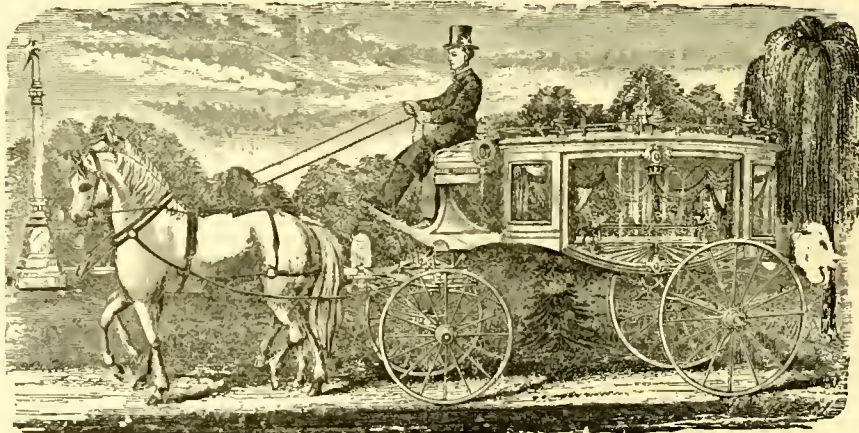
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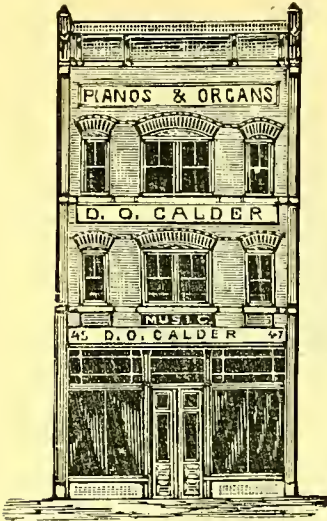
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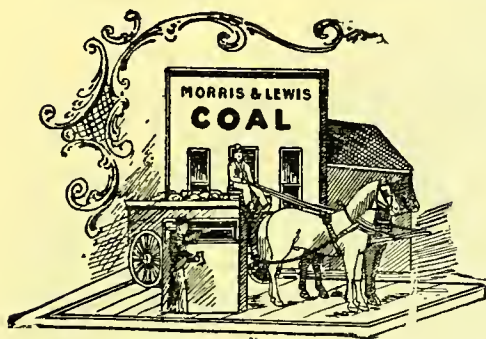
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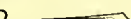
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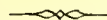
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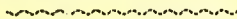
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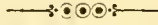
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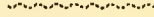
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VOL. XXXI.

SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 1, 1896.

No. 15.



MEXICAN RUINS.

EARLY INHABITANTS OF AMERICA.

SINCE the discovery of America by Columbus, in the latter part of the fifteenth century, the western hemisphere has been called the New World. New, because the knowledge of it was new to Europeans: but had they known what we have learned since their time they would have considered it very old, and indeed the oldest from the standpoint of the habitation of man. Through revelation given to Joseph Smith, we understand that the Garden of Eden was located in North America, and the Book of Mormon tells us that after the flood, a people under the leadership of Jared and his brother left the Tower of Babel, at the time of the confusion of tongues, and came to this continent. From this book we also learn that a little band of people left Jerusalem six hundred years before Christ, and after many wanderings came to this land and became the progenitors of a mighty people.

After a thousand years, the part of the people that had in former years enjoyed the favor of God and His direction were destroyed, and the wicked part, who had been cursed with a dark skin on account of their evil doing, remained. The civilization that had flourished for so many years was not possessed by the survivors, and in all but a few instances they employed themselves in nothing better than fishing and hunting and warring with their neighbors.

The Book of Mormon account ends at this point when the people had begun to scatter into separate tribes over the two continents, and what we know of their later conditions we have learned from observations of the people themselves and from the ruins that still exist. Different environments naturally changed their habits of life, and to some extent

their character. In the temperate regions, and upon the elevations of the Andes, a rude civilization sprang up and somewhat modified these peoples from the other native tribes. Notwithstanding the changed habits, however, Baron von Humbolt, who had a most extensive acquaintance with the American tribes, declared that they must be all of one race. He did not include in this class the Eskimo.

In Central America and Mexico the grade of civilization that was reached appears to have been higher than anywhere else, although in many of our states are found massive piles of masonry in the form of mounds and barrows and long lines of defense around hills and on the banks of streams. These constructions were often in the shape of serpents and other animals. Sometimes a space of hundreds of acres would be enclosed by a thick wall many feet in height. They show that the people who built them were skilled in masonry, and were very numerous, for it must have required great numbers of men to accomplish such works. In Peru and other portions of South America the inhabitants had progressed in some respects farther than those in Mexico but the latter people seem to have been the more powerful and important.

At the conquest by the Spaniards under Cortez in the early part of the sixteenth century, a great nation was found in Mexico and Central America. The form of government was a monarchy, and a rich aristocracy held the most of the wealth of the country. The common people were in a condition of vassalage, approaching serfdom. There were no domestic animals, and agriculture was carried on by means of the rudest instruments. Though seemingly powerful, the people were easily over-

come by the little band of fierce Spaniards.

It was surprising to Cortez to see such magnificent architecture, and such fine workmanship in the different kinds of handicraft. The wealth of the country was amazing, and he set about to replenish his wasted fortune; and his work shows him to have had few motives aside from gaining the greatest amount of wealth. His treatment of the nobles and king, who had looked up to him as a god, was barbarous. He aimed to reduce all in power to the level of the common people. He encouraged his soldiers in destroying all signs of the civilization that had been there; and but for this vandalism there would have been left much from which we could gain a better knowledge of the aborigines of our country. Yet there are many remains of old monuments and temples wherein are found curious books filled with picture writings, from which archaeologists are able to ascertain much of their religion and knowledge and of the progress they had made in other lines.

Mr. Stephens, a careful observer, found forty-four cities, most of which were unknown even to the inhabitants of the immediate neighborhood, and had existed for centuries with only such change as time would make. Many beautiful buildings, which had been palaces and temples, were almost perfectly preserved. They were constructed of hewn stone of regular shape, with high vaulted roofs and surrounded by stone-paved terraces. About the buildings were found excellently constructed cisterns and wells, showing that the builders knew the value and comfort of pure water. There are evidences in the construction of the rooms and their furnishings that the inhabitants were in

many respects of refined and artistic taste.

There is a dark side of the character of these peoples presented to us in their religious ideas and practices. Their writings show that their minds were filled by the darkest and oftentimes most loathsome superstitions. Their religion did not give them pleasure, nor did it in any way make them better, but the misshapen images they worshipped represented beings of most malignant character. Human sacrifice to these beings was of continual occurrence, and the cruelty of these practices is scarcely equaled by those of any pagan people of the East. Thus we see how, when the Spirit of God has been withdrawn from the minds of men, they sink down until they may be brought to practice the most horrible forms of idolatry.

HOW FRANCISCO SAVED THE HERD.

IN the year 1879, the time of which I write, the southwestern territories, Arizona and New Mexico, could boast more Indian raids to a given number of months than any other section of the United States. The dwellers in towns and villages were, of course, comparatively exempt from such perils; but the families living on isolated ranches, the lonely sheep-herder and the adventurous cattleman, too often fell victims to the sanguinary hatred of the red man for his white brother.

It was in those troubled times that the Elkhorn Cattle Company had its headquarter ranch on the Rio Doso, a small tributary of the Gila. The Elkhorn ranch had quite a history, it having stood no less than four sieges by the Apaches, to whom it seemed to be a particular object of invitation, probably

because its range embraced a large part of the last slice of territory clipped from their reservation.

One July morning, in the year above mentioned, a boy of about sixteen carrying a heavy saddle, bridle and blankets slung over his shoulder, stepped out of the ranch house and walked over to the big corral. This was Francisco, the dark-skinned, black-eyed roustabout of the concern.

He was, as his name denotes, a Mexican, a son of the race that has called the land its own before their white neighbors of the north stormed the heights of Chapultapec.

Francisco's people lived on a little ranch of a few acres down on the Mimbers, where they periodically cultivated their scanty crops of *mice* (corn), *frijoles* (beans) and chili, which were their chief subsistence the year through.

In the fall of the preceding year, Francisco, while herding a neighbor's flock of some fifty or sixty scrawny goats, had stumbled upon a little bunch of stray horses bearing the Elkhorn brand, which was well known to every man and boy in the country. To run home, procure a pony, and gather the truants into his father's little corral was an easy task for Francisco, and the next day he drove them over to the Rio Doso.

"Well, chico, how much do I owe you for your trouble?" asked big Jack Stone, the Elkhorn foreman, after the boy had turned over his charges.

"Not one centaro, senor: but if there is a little work that I might do for a month or so," Francisco replied, hesitatingly, "the senor would make me very happy."

"Well, I'll see," said the foreman. "Go and tell the cook to give you something to eat, then come back to

the corral, and maybe I can find you a job."

Before he had finished his meal Francisco had decided that he was willing to work all day and half the night every twenty-four hours in the year for the privilege of sitting at such a table. Never before had he tasted such sweet juicy beef, and certainly he had never before had an opportunity of disposing of it in such quantities. And the white, flaky biscuit! Ah, yes, *tortillas* were good, but who would think of comparing them with the bread of the *Americano*?

The foreman was as good as his word, and added Francisco's name to the company's pay-roll. It is true the most disagreeable jobs about the ranch generally fell to his lot, but he was more than contented—he was happy.

His greatest pleasure was to be entrusted with the horse herd—as he had been this particular July morning when he is introduced to the reader. His father owned a couple of Mexican cayuses, but they were thin, spiritless, over-worked little brutes, unworthy of comparison with these strong, fiery and fleet cow horses. He was not only a born horseman—he had the faculty of making his equine favorites love him; and there was not a horse in the herd that would not come like a dog at his call or whistle.

Francisco walked over to the corral where the horses were, let down one of the bars and crawled in, dragging his saddle after him. Selecting Boone, a handsome bay, and the fleetest runner in the bunch, for his mount, he grasped him by the foretop, slipped the bridle over his head, and in another minute he had saddled up and was ready to start.

Letting down the bars, he swung

himself on to Boone's back as the herd thundered out through the gap and swept in a long, straggling line toward the well-known ford. The herd had not been doing well lately—their shadows weren't fat enough to suit him, the foreman said—so Francisco had orders to take them across the Rio Doso, where the best grazing was to be found, and to push them away from the ranch until he found grass to suit.

As the horses splashed through the creek and climbed the opposite bank, the foreman and two or three of his riders stepped out of the house to watch them.

"Pretty good little Mexican, that Francisco," said Tom Burns, addressing himself to nobody in particular.

"Yes; one of the best hands with horses I ever saw," the foreman assented.

"Well, I ain't partial to Greasers as a rule, but I must say that a more willin' and well-mannered boy than 'Frisco would be hard to find," Lee Ridgley chipped in.

From which it will be seen that, despite his tawny skin and the often expressed dislike of cowmen for Mexicans, the boy had already won the good opinion of his associates.

Meanwhile the herd trotted steadily along until they were well within the shadow of El Montoso, a tall butte some six or seven miles south of the ranch. Here the succulent *gramma* grass covered the ground like a carpet, and the hungry horses turned to it with appreciative relish.

After seeing his charges well started on their breakfast, Francisco dismounted, dropped his lariat in order that Boone, too, might get his share of grass, and then threw himself on the ground in the shade of a stunted cedar.

Had the foreman then been in a

position to watch the boy's movements, he would have discovered another reason why Francisco liked to be sent on horse herd. Slipping his hand into the bosom of his shirt, he drew forth a dirty, worn and dog-eared English Spanish spelling book, and opening it at a turned-down page, commenced to wade through its mysteries with a dogged perseverance and an utter disregard of English pronunciation that were both pathetic and comical.

"Skunk—in Spanish, *soreo*,—a small, carnivorous animal, also known as a *polecat*, etc," the first of the lesson read.

"Essa — k—oo — unma — k; esquunk" Francisco slowly spelled and pronounced. Then he tackled the word "polecat," which came next on the list. "Pay—o — ellay—e-say-atay," pulecat," he blurted out, winding up with a triumphant chuckle at the rapid progress he was making. Francisco's pronunciation was certainly something to wonder and smile at, but I am pretty sure there were thousands of American boys far less profitably employed on that bright July day.

Five o'clock—the hour at which the foreman had told him to start the herd homeward—came all too soon, but orders must be obeyed, so he put away his precious book, mounted Boone, and commenced to get the horses together. This was a task requiring considerable time and patience, for, notwithstanding the surfeit they had had, to which their bulging stomachs bore witness, many of them were greatly averse to quitting such fine pasture at short notice. A few minutes hard riding, however, and Francisco had them bunched and started them toward the ranch at a steady jog.

Francisco knew every foot of the way home—almost every rock and bush

I might say. He had ridden that way quite a number of times, and besides, he was naturally quick to observe.

Once past that rocky point ahead, and the ranch would be in view, he told himself, and as he was very hungry, he wondered if the cook would have supper ready.

At that moment he noticed a sudden commotion among the horses. For some reason or other, the leaders had stopped and were crowding back those behind. He looked quickly around to ascertain what had frightened them, and his eyes fell on something that sent his heart leaping into his throat.

About three hundred yards to his right lay a timbered ridge, running parallel to the course he was traveling. About a quarter of a mile ahead a thin line of horsemen swept from behind the cedars and galloped swiftly down the slope, heading straight for the rocky point around which he must pass to reach the ranch. It did not need a second glance to convince Francisco of the nature of the men, their purpose and his own peril.

"Apaches!" he whispered to himself, standing up in his stirrups that he might get a better view of them. He had seen these wild men of the plains and mountains when they attacked the little *placita* on the Mimbres three years before; and he did not need to be told what they would do to him if he fell into their hands.

"*Uno, dos, tres, quatro*"—he counted ten of them, and they were between him and the ranch. "*Sancto Spirito!* and they will run off the horses," he exclaimed. "No, that must not be. The good foreman shall not lose his *caballas* if I can save them."

In twenty seconds he had formed a plan and commenced to execute it. As

I have said, the Apaches were already between him and the ford by which he had crossed the river in the morning, but he knew there was another one about two miles above, and if he could round the point ahead of the Indians, he had a fair chance of saving himself and the horses. Between the two fords the banks of the Rio Doso are rocky and precipitous, and, in fact, for some seven or eight miles above and below the ranch, it is impossible for a horseman to cross except at those two points.

Francisco uncoiled a few feet of his lariat, and using the rope as a whip, he flogged the nearest horses into a gallop. This forced the leaders forward, and in a few seconds the herd was thundering toward the point at racing speed. Meanwhile, the Indians also had ridden fast to head them off. They needed that bunch of horses, for Uncle Sam's troopers had been pushing them hard for many days, and their own mounts were gaunt and leg-weary.

The practiced eye of the wily old chief who led the band saw that the herd would pass that rocky point before he could intercept it, so he signalled three or four of his warriors and dashed off at an angle into the open plain beyond, that he might turn the flying horses there, and head them off from the river. His remaining followers he left to attend to Francisco.

The herd passed the point with a good fifty yards to spare, and Francisco, riding in the rear, bent low over Boone's neck as the Apaches poked their rifles forward and gave him a scattering volley as he passed. When he looked up, he saw that the herd had swerved from its course and was swinging round in a great semi-circle, that would bring it back to the mouth of the draw from which it had so narrowly escaped.

Clearly something must be done, or the good foreman would lose his horses after all.

Pulling hard on his right bridle rein, he drove his spurs deep into Boone's flanks and rode straight for the head of the herd. If he could not drive the horses through that line of yelling Indians, he would lead them through it. He was certain they would follow him.

"Come, boys! Come, boys! C-o-m-e, boys!" Francisco yelled, as Boone swept in front of his galloping comrades. At the sound of his voice the leaders tossed their heads, shook their manes, and neighed in glad recognition. Then the boy led them in a great curve until their noses once more pointed toward the river.

If you were to ask Francisco today for a history of the next ten minutes of his ride, he could not tell it to you clearly. All he remembers is a mad dash of half a mile over the sun-baked plain, with a half-dozen yelling, gesticulating, threatening figures in front, and a rushing mass of tossing manes and pounding hoofs behind. He would also tell you that he was half conscious of a succession of flashes and sharp reports ahead, and of his horse bounding frantically beneath him as a stray bullet ploughed up his flank. Then Boone settled down to a long, swinging stride that quickly carried them to the ford and through it, and he glanced back over his shoulder and saw the water churn and foam beneath the rushing hoofs behind.

The men at the ranch had heard the first shots and rushed out, rifle in hand. From the bluffs bordering the Rio Doso they watched the mad race, and when Francisco reined in his panting horse at the corral, they were waiting to receive him.

"Well done!" the foreman cried, as he put his arm about him and lifted him out of the saddle. "Are you hurt?"

"No, senor; only Boone. A bullet struck him somewhere in the flank, I believe."

"Never mind. The boys will attend to Boone. You come into the house and tell me all about it."

"But the Apaches, senor?"

"The Apaches are gone, my boy. We saw it all from the bluffs. When you bore down on them with the herd, they scattered like sheep. That stampede was too much for them."

Francisco laughed softly at the thought of how well he had done. Perhaps the foreman would let him herd the horses every day now.

The next day the foreman called Francisco to one side and told him that he was about to make a report to his employers. "I shall ask them to reward you for your bravery," he said. "How much do you think they ought to give you?"

Francisco scratched his head for a moment, shifted from one foot to the other, and then looked up timidly.

"There are two things I would like," he said.

"And what are they?"

"Boone and a steady job."

"I myself will give you the horse, and account to the company for him," the foreman replied. "But isn't there some thing you would rather have than a steady job?"

"No, senor; nothing that I can think of would be so nice as that. You see, there is always enough to eat here, and the beef and biscuit are so good!"

H. Alan Clarke.

THE best use of money is to pay debts.

CONVERSION OF A TREE INTO A NEWS-PAPER.

WE take from the *Centralblatt für Oesterreich-ungarische Papier-industrie* the following account of a curious experiment:

A very interesting experiment was made on April 17, at Messrs. Menzel & Company's paper and wood pulp manufactory, at Elsenthal, in order to ascertain what was the shortest space of time in which it was possible to convert the wood of a standing tree into paper, and the latter into a journal ready for delivery. This experiment is of extreme importance, because it shows what rapidity can be attained by the concurrence of practical machines, and favorable conditions.

Three trees were felled in a forest near the establishment at thirty-five minutes past seven in the presence of two of the owners of the manufactory and a notary whom they had called upon to certify as to the authenticity of the experiment. These trees were carried to the manufactory, where they were cut into pieces twelve inches in length, which were then decorticated and split. The wood thus prepared was afterward raised by an elevator to the five defibrators of the works. The wood pulp produced by these machines was then put into a vat, where it was mixed with the necessary materials. This process finished, the liquid pulp was sent to the paper machine. At thirty-four minutes past nine in the morning, the first sheet of paper was finished. The entire manufacture had thus consumed but one hour and fifty-nine minutes.

The owners of the manufactory, accompanied by the notary, then took a few of the sheets to a printing office situated at a distance of about two and a half miles from the works. At ten

o'clock, a copy of the printed journal was in the hands of the party; so that it had taken two hours and twenty-five minutes to convert the wood of a standing tree into a journal ready for delivery.

It must be added that, during the course of the manufacture, there occurred a few interruptions which might be avoided at another time, and that, in the opinion of the two manufacturers, had it not been for this, twenty minutes might have been gained.

A HYMN.

ALMIGHTY God, who dwells above,
Ruler of all below,
Sweet are the gifts of peace and love
Which we, Thy children, know.

Thy mercy we shall ever praise,
That Thou and Christ the Lord
Came down from heaven in latter days
That Truth might be restored.

Blest be the name and memory
Of Him who was inspired,
With childlike faith to ask of Thee
The thing that he desired;

Who brought the glorious Gospel forth
To cheer the sons of men,
Diffusing light, to fit the earth
For Christ's millennial reign.

How sweet the message was, indeed,
When first we heard its sound;
It came our hungry souls to feed,
As springs to desert ground.

It came to yield us sweet employ,
As naught before had done;
It came to give us hope and joy,
And make our hearts as one.

Then let us faint not in the cause
So long and well begun,
But trust in God and keep His laws
Till life's brief race is run:

That we may win the great reward
Assured obedient ones,
And hear the welcome from our Lord,
"Well done, my faithful sons."

J. C.

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Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 1, 1896.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.**BAPTISM OF CHILDREN.**

A CORRESPONDENT has sent us the following questions to be answered:

"We are told that eight years old is the age of accountability of children.

"Do children sin before that age? If so, do they have to account for that sin, if any has been committed, and in what way?

"We are told again that children should be baptized when 8 years old, for the remission of their sins."

The revelations of God to the Church in relation to little children are as comforting as they are clear and definite. They are indeed rays of pure light, contrasted with the darkness of the creeds of men. Unbaptized children, according to some of the dogmas of modern Christendom, are everlastingly lost. Other notions as to the salvation or condemnation of the little ones are vague and unsatisfactory. But the word of the Lord through the Prophet Joseph Smith dissipates all doubt and sets at rest all disputes, where it is fully understood. In a revelation given in September, 1830, the Lord said:

"But behold I say unto you, that little children are redeemed from the foundation of the world through mine Only Begotten; wherefore they cannot sin, for power is not given unto Satan to tempt little children until they begin to become accountable before me. (Doc. & Cov. Sec. 29: 46, 47.)

In a revelation given in April, 1830, we find this:

"No one can be received into the Church of Christ unless he has arrived unto the years of accountability before God and is capable of repentance. (Sec. 20: 71).

In another revelation given in November, 1831, the following law is declared:

"And again, inasmuch as parents have children in Zion, or in any of her stakes which are organized, that teach them not to understand the doctrine of repentance, faith in Christ the Son of the Living God, and of baptism and the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of the hands when eight years old, the sin be upon the heads of the parents.

"For this shall be a law unto the inhabitants of Zion, or in any of her Stakes which are organized;

"And their children shall be baptized for the remission of their sins when eight years old, and receive the laying on of the hands;

"And they shall also teach their children to pray and walk uprightly before the Lord." Section 68; 25 28.)

It will be seen from a careful reading of these passages that no special age is set as the time when children "begin to become accountable" before the Lord, yet—though there is as much difference in the capabilities of children to comprehend, as there is in their size and complexion—it is made clear they should be baptized at eight years of age. The Redeemer of the world was sinless, yet he was baptized to fulfill all righteousness. We think it safe to say no condemnation will attach to children for acts committed by them prior to their reaching the age of eight years. As soon as children can understand the dif-

ference between right and wrong they can and should be taught the doctrine of repentance, also faith in Christ the Son of the living God and of baptism and the gift of the Holy Ghost. And sin will be on the heads of their parents if they do not teach their children those principles of salvation. Children who understand right from wrong and are taught the law of God in reference to faith, repentance and baptism, are accountable for their own sins and also for refusal to submit to the ordinances of the gospel.

When parents teach their children aright and set them a good example and exercise proper parental influence over them, the parents are not responsible for the sins of the children. When parents neglect these duties the sin of that neglect will rest upon them, and they will have to answer for it.

All intelligent beings are accountable for the exercise of the agency given to them. Responsibility increases with the development of the creature, and condemnation comes in proportion to the sin, which is gauged by the understanding of wrong and the intent and purpose of the transgressor.

HEALING BY FAITH.

SOME professional men have been paying a great deal of attention of late to the influence of the mind over the body as manifested in cures which have been effected by what are called mind-curers and faith-curers. Notwithstanding the incredulity which scientific men entertain concerning these effects, there are some of them who admit that the mind has great influence over the body; for, they say, sores in melancholy persons will not heal, and that in cases of lung diseases in imbeciles and idiots there is

so little resisting power that two-thirds of them die of consumption.

Sir Samuel Baker noted that grief or hunger is nearly always followed by fever in certain parts of Africa. One writer, a medical man, says that when in Mexico he found that quite a proportion of chronic invalids attributed their illness to getting angry, a fit of anger in that country being usually followed by severe illness. It is admitted that death occurs in many cases, not so much because of disease as because of the diminished resisting mental and nervous forces which oppose it. A cheerful and buoyant mind as well as a sound brain are all important in both the prevention and the healing of disease. Many doctors realize the importance of keeping the mind in a proper condition during sickness, and they do all they can to inspire confidence in the patient.

The above instances are given to show how close a connection there is between the mind and the body and how the latter is influenced by the condition of the former.

Those who have had numerous opportunities, as many of our Elders have, of administering to the sick must be fully conscious of the effect that the will and the determination of the sick have upon their own health. This is really faith. How many times have the sick been healed by the administration of the Elders through arousing within them faith in the promises of the Lord. The cheering and comforting words of the Elders, the promises they are led to make, have a tendency to strengthen the sick in their power to resist and overcome disease. Men may ridicule the laying on of hands and the prayer of faith, but faithful Latter-day Saints know that the gift of healing is in the Church of Jesus Christ, and that the

promises made by the Lord concerning the administration of the ordinance which has been established in the Church for this purpose, are fulfilled. The more the gift of healing is exercised the stronger it grows. The more the Latter-day Saints depend upon this ordinance and seek relief through it the greater are the benefits and the more frequent are the instances of recovery through the administration of the Elders in the appointed way. When not appointed unto death (for death is passed upon all) there is no ailment that afflicts humanity that cannot be reached by faith and the administration of the ordinance of the gospel. Miracles have been performed and are of frequent occurrence in the Church where the Saints rely upon the promises of the Lord. Most extraordinary instances of this are to be found in the experience of the Latter-day Saints, and especially those Elders who have labored much in the ministry.

When children are taught the importance of this principle, they naturally, when anything ails them, seek relief through the laying on of hands, and when they have hands laid upon them by the Elders, they are healed in a great majority of cases. Faith is like every other principle: it can be cultivated, and can become a strong power in the man or the woman who possesses it.

AVERSION TO CHURCH BELLS.

THE Mohammedans have a great dislike to church bells and to their use for calling people to prayer or to worship. In A. D., 1187, the Saracens retook Jerusalem, but the conqueror would not enter the city until all the Christian bells put up during the previous 88 years had been smashed up for melting

down. In 1570 the Turks took Cyprus, and they melted down the church bells to make more cannon for the defense of the towns.

The mode of calling the faithful to prayer in the old time was by means of wooden clappers. At the gathering at Calder's Park the Elders from Samoa gave an illustration of the manner in which the people on those islands were called to worship. It was by means of two pieces of wood which they struck together, making a noise like a wooden clapper. This reminds one of the old fashion that prevailed in the early days among the Mohammedans and others.

A TRUE CONVERT.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 433)

WHEN at last the steamer was ready to put off and the last farewell must be said to Brother and Sister Council, Jemima felt she was leaving behind the truest and best friends she had ever known. She had endured heroically the scorn and ridicule, had never quailed before the storm of hate and brutal treatment that was showered upon her, but when these steadfast friends were to be left she felt downcast and disconsolate in the extreme. With choking sobs she brokenly expressed her gratitude for their kindness, while they, with a lingering clasp of the hand, bade her God-speed and went on shore.

The steamer was heavily laden, there being three hundred more passengers on board than were allowed by the government. Jemima, with thirty-six other women and their children, was put in a small room in the steerage. The room was so densely packed that she got into her berth to give standing room for others. What a strange mixture of faces there were—English, Scotch,

Welsh, Irish, old and young, Saints and sinners. Some were going to Zion; others to their husbands at the gold mines.

Jemima was very sea sick and sent for the Elders to administer to her; but on account of the great number of unbelievers present, they deemed it best not to go. After three days they reached Melbourne, and as she was still unable to leave her bed, she again sent for the Elders. They did not go, but sent word that according to her faith so it would be. She claimed the promise, dressed herself and went on deck.

Soon a small steamboat came to take the company of Saints to a brig lying at some distance away; it was called the *Tarquina*, and arrangements had been made for them to sail in it to America. A company of Saints from Melbourne was already on board waiting for them. They soon weighed anchor and put off. They had many unpleasant things to undergo during the voyage. There was not enough water to supply their needs; the biscuits were mouldy and the beef tainted. There was also a lack of flour, and what they did have had contained so many weevils that it could not be used unless it was sifted.

One night as Jemima sat in the dark eating her mouldy biscuit, she felt something crawling on her hand. Going to the light, she found the weevils had come out of her biscuit and were having a game of hide and seek, using her hand for a playground. But what did that matter? She was nothing but a Mormon.

The days passed drearily along, and many of the company grew very sorrowful. It is not to be wondered at, for they suffered greatly for want of wholesome food and sufficient water. The brethren complained that the steward

did not treat them well, and asked to have him removed and one of their own number appointed in his stead. The captain granted their request, and they selected Brother Paul Smith to act as steward.

Brother Smith had lived in Utah one year. In the fall of 1852 he went on a mission to Australia, and was now returning in company with the Saints. He became acquainted with Jemima, and a sincere friendship sprang up between them, which soon ripened into a stronger attachment, and they were married on board the ship, one of the Elders performing the ceremony.

Jemima spent much of her time on deck watching the clear blue waves as they rose like mountains on each side of her, and trying to make herself as contented as possible.

Before long the vessel became leaky, and had to put into the Society Islands for repairs, as well as a supply of fresh water.

They stopped at Tahati, and were visited by Brother Hawkins and some of the natives, who had received the Gospel under the ministry of Elder Addison Pratt. The meeting was a joyful one. They met more like old acquaintances than strangers. The Gospel had united them in one grand brotherhood.

After the suffering the voyagers had endured the hospitality of the natives was received with more gratitude than it could otherwise have been.

The day after arriving at Tahiti, the natives came to accompany our friends, about twenty in number, to their homes, an invitation to dinner having been given the previous day.

The floors of their houses were covered with handsome mats, and the furniture consisted of chairs, tables, lounges and bedsteads. Everything was neat

and clean. Brother Hawkins was the interpreter, and gave the introductions in a clever manner. Some of the natives were dressed in gorgeous silks, while others wore calicoes. The ladies' dresses were made very much like our modern Mother Hubbard, and looked quite comfortable in that warm climate. The babies were all dressed in white; their clothing was not made as our own dear little ones' is, but their lungs were (at least I suppose they were), for they could cry with as much vim as if they had been born in free America.

When dinner was announced the guide conducted the guests to a beautiful grove, where the table was spread, or, more properly speaking, where the earth was spread. Fresh green leaves answered for tablecloth and for plates. The plates were made of five large leaves, neatly woven together, and on each plate were a slice of pork, a sweet potato, a pineapple, a banana, an orange, and some other things the names of which they did not know. The sea-water was used for salt, and the milk of the cocoanut for drink. The natives began eating while their guests looked on in amazement. The natives were not long in discovering the "sudden stoppage" and its cause. They hurriedly brought some butcher knives, and the meal went on pleasantly enough, the guests doing ample justice to the delicious fare—a rare treat after the filthy food they had eaten on board the ship. Dinner being over, they were taken through the gardens. Every little while they came to a tank, and by turning a tap could get a drink of clear, cool water.

When evening came they reluctantly went back to the ship, taking some fruit for those who had been unable to go on shore.

They remained at Tahiti over a week, and every day the hospitality of the natives seemed rather to increase than diminish.

When about to leave, Jemima took a ring from her finger and gave it to one of the women, who in return presented Jemima with some cocoanut oil and several pearls, which she had obtained by diving to the bottom of the sea.

The time came to say good-by. The natives gave them a generous supply of luscious fruit for the voyage, and with many expressions of regret saw them depart.

The little company, thus refreshed, was buoyant as could be for a few days, but became somewhat depressed in spirits when they learned, as they soon did, that the leak in the ship was not entirely stopped. Repairs were again necessary, and the captain shaped his course in the direction of the Sandwich Islands.

They arrived at Honolulu in safety, but the *Tarquina* was pronounced unseaworthy and had to be abandoned.

They remained four weeks on the islands, and then Brother and Sister Smith and a few others took passage on the barque *Frances Palmer*, bound for San Francisco. Part of the company sailed in another vessel, and some remained on the island.

Thus they were scattered, in fulfillment of the prophecy given in tongues before they left Australia.

Jemima and her husband landed in San Francisco three weeks after leaving Honolulu. The country, the people, in fact everything, seemed strange to them, and, though greatly disappointed in many ways, they did not complain, but worked along the best they could during the winter, and in the early spring went on to San Bernardino,

thence to San Pedro, walking all the way, a distance of ninety miles. They remained there a little over a year, working for an outfit to travel with. Brother Smith obtained an old wagon and a span of very inferior horses in time to start in company with Brothers Charles C. Rich and Amasa Lyman. They were not very well supplied with worldly goods, yet what they did have was almost more than the team could pull.

Jemima, thoughtful as ever, was ready to do her share of the walking to lighten the load for the tired horses, and many a weary mile she plodded along by the side of her husband over the rough and sandy roads. While making the trip they crossed three deserts, and only those who have traveled under similar circumstances can have the least conception of the suffering occasioned by such a wearisome journey. They would start about two o'clock in the afternoon, travel all night, and until sundown the next day, stopping only to rest the horses. They did this in order to camp at the watering places.

Often when the company would remain in camp for a day or two Jemima would do washing for some of the families that were able to hire, and thus earn a little food to add to their scanty store. If she could only have rested, as some did who were not obliged to walk, she could have trudged along with greater ease when they started again, but she toiled every day, not wishing to waste a moment.

Her walking was made more tedious by having either to carry or help along a little boy that she was taking to his mother in Utah. He came to be in her charge in a very singular manner: His father and mother, whom, for conven-

ience we will call Mr. and Mrs. Curtis, had joined the Church in East India, and had taken passage on board a vessel bound for America. After getting everything in readiness, Mrs. Curtis went on shore to see her parents for a few moments, and before she could get back the ship had sailed, carrying away her husband and her two-year-old baby, Ben. Shrieking she was borne back to her parents' home, while the ship, heedless of the agony its sudden departure was causing, moved on, bearing its precious burden farther and farther away.

On reaching San Francisco, Mr. Curtis found he could not take proper care of the little fellow, so he gave him to a Mrs. L—— to keep as her own. Mrs. L—— was delighted with the child, and cared for him as tenderly as his own mamma could have done. But, mother-like, Mrs. Curtis did not let her boy go without an effort to recover him. Seizing the earliest opportunity, she came to America, and reached Iowa in time to join the hand-cart company. All our readers are familiar with the hardships encountered by that heroic little band, whose journey across the plains is without a parallel.

Reaching Salt Lake City, she learned the whereabouts of her boy, and wrote to have him sent to her. By every sacred tie he belonged to the true heart that had traveled half over the world to find him, and Mrs. L—— could not refuse to give him up when she heard his own mother wanted him.

Jemima, like his foster-mother, felt great sympathy for Mrs. Curtis, and consented to take Ben with her, although there were others in the company who were vastly more able to do so, but not nearly so willing to observe the golden rule.

Ben, of course, made extra work, but

his childish prattle gave real pleasure, and his witty little sayings were a constant source of amusement.

One day when Jemima had walked an unusually long distance and was thirsty and tired, she spied a clump of trees, and thinking to find water there, she hastened to it. It was off the road, but what would she not venture for a refreshing drink? Footsore and weak she reached the spot, only to be disappointed. The little boy at her side pleading for water only made her suffering more intense. She sank down in the shade of a tree and said to herself, "My strength is gone; I will lie here and die, for it is impossible to go a step farther. Zion, the home of the Saints, I shall never see. Paul will find me when it is too late to——Mercy! mercy! who is that, Ben? Three naked Indians, and they are coming this way! Oh, dear, they'll kill us!" And catching up four-year-old Ben, she ran as fast as she could towards the wagons, screaming, "Paul, Paul, the Indians! Oh, do come quick." Several of the men hastened to meet her, and the savages were captured and kept over night to prevent any trouble, but were set at liberty the next morning.

So she did not die on the desert, but went on to Parowan, Iron County, and helped her husband make a neat little home, where they lived very happily until the fall of 1887, when Brother Smith was called to Arizona.

They cheerfully left their home and obeyed the call; but as it was late in the season when they started, they suffered almost as much from cold as they had from heat while on the deserts. But, with hearts brave as ever, they journeyed on, reaching Snowflake about the middle of December, where they are now living.

Jemima did not escape any of the hardships incident to making a new home in a new country, but it mattered not to her if what she did would help build up the kingdom.

All through life her chief characteristic has been self-denial, and even now, when seventy eventful years have left their traces in her silvery hair, she performs many an arduous task from which younger hands would often shrink. Her gentleness and thoughtfulness for others have won a multitude of friends and made her the leading example in the community where she dwells. She is not only kind to her living friends, but remembers those who have gone before as well. She has done a great work for them in the temple, not even forgetting Sir George Robinson, the man who turned her little brother out of doors. Thus, ready to forgive every trespass, thankful for an opportunity to do good, placing her all upon the altar, she has found peace and satisfaction, for it has all helped to strengthen the work of the Lord, and that has been her sole ambition since joining the Church. The energy of youthful life, the strength of mature years, the prayers of declining days have alike been dedicated to its cause. To all questions as to why she did not do differently under certain circumstances, she invariably makes this reply, "In all things I have sought the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and have seldom failed to heed its promptings."

If, perchance, she has sometimes walked in the shadow, her devotion to the Gospel will entitle her to live eternally in the full blaze of celestial glory.

Della Fish.

ACTIONS speak louder than words.

SHORT STORIES, SKETCHES, ETC.

Does Truth Make Us Free?

(Short lecture by Miss Emily Davis, before a class in Theology, Brigham Young Academy.)

LOOKING back to the golden age of man, we can imagine Adam and Eve perfect in faculties, free in thought and action, and in harmony with God and the universe. Living up to the laws of the Father, they moved in love, light, beauty, and innocence. They talked face to face with the Creator, and felt all the joys and pleasures of freedom; but they were inexperienced, and at an evil prompting, broke one of the sacred laws of life and were dropped from their free position to that of drudgery.

The breaking of this law severed a string in the music which filled the earth with harmony and a blight came over the sweet countenance of nature. The celestial and spiritual deeply hid itself within the grossness of the mortal. In order for man to live in this changed world his faculties were necessarily forced also to hide themselves within a physical organism, through which he can but dimly perceive truth, hence the depravity of mind which keeps humanity in bondage, yes, bondage! For what is bondage but ignorance, and what is ignorance but a want of truth—perception. It is the ignorance of the savage which makes him fear and shrink before the intelligent glance of the white man. It is because of his depravity of mind that he wanders aimlessly over the earth begging his living. Because his conception of truth is dwarfed he permits the white man to force him from the land of his fathers. What will make us free? Truth will make us free, and as we work physically in order to exist, so we must work mentally that we may reach our former state and be free.

"As in Adam all die, so in Christ all shall be made alive;" and as Christ and the Father are one, because of the spirit of truth which exists between them, so we, by becoming acquainted with truth, may be redeemed and again walk face to face with God.

To know reality as our Savior knows reality is the medium through which we may be reunited with God. When the mind of man becomes so developed as to discern truth and love it, he will then see that it alone can bring freedom and happiness; and that without a knowledge of things as they are, men become suspicious, and superstitious, and the being who is superstitious is a slave. Man becomes free in the measure that he gets a knowledge of the relations of things about him. God made the mind of man to think; he made his mind capable of discovering the relations which exist in all intelligence. The hungry mind can be fed with facts, with science, and in this way man can become his own guide and his own chastiser. Because we are, by reason of the fall, incapable of seeing clearly things as they are, we must work and search the more diligently for truth, and, noble is he who does not get discouraged. The people who have a knowledge of truth keep the law, and love the law because it makes them free as God is free; they know that even He cannot break the law and keep His freedom. They understand that man must live above the law if he wishes to be free in body and in mind.

Now this knowledge of truth must be received gradually, for our minds are unable to know the whole truth. We should be mentally crushed if the whole truth should burst upon us; so the Creator wisely placed us in positions where we are able to get the parts that concern us from time to time.

We may be compared to worms which are destitute of eyes. It would seem to us that these animals would be insensible to light, but it has been observed that some of them are very sensitive to it. In the majority of cases it requires a certain time to impress them, however. But in time they are able to see the light of the moon and at last that of the sun.

Worms are like human beings in another respect; they are inclined to grovel in the earth and avoid the sun. No sooner do they get a glimpse of light than they crawl back into their burrows.

How many men today are blind because they live where the light of truth cannot penetrate and develop the power to see. They are in darkness, not because the Creator has failed to bless them with eyes but because they are not bold and strong enough to face the light. Miserable must be the man that lives the life of a mole—the man too stupid to know the miseries of such a life. The individual that perceives and comprehends truth is free in thought, even though he be in the hands of a mob.

When Stephen of Colonna fell into the power of his base assailants and they asked him in derision, "Where is now your fortress?" "Here," was his reply, placing his hand upon his heart. What made Sir Robert Peel the free and happy minded man that he was?

It was his love of truth. It was by the possession of this quality that he carried with him a power which was irresistible.

George Washington was one of the best examples of a truth-knowing and truth-loving man. His was one of the true characters which act rightly whether in secret or in the sight of men. The man who loves truth for itself is like the

little boy who when asked why he did not pocket some pears, for nobody was there to see, replied, "Yes, there was: I was there to see myself."

Such principles go on moulding the character, by everything with which it comes in contact through life. Without truth to give us the strength of self-respect the mind has no protection, but is ever liable to fall to self degradation; and self-degradation produces the criminal, a being who is always pursued by secret uneasiness, by self-reproach, and by the stirring of conscience which is the awful doom of the guilty. The genuine man and woman know that truth is the summit of being, of liberty, of success. Lord Chesterfield, though he himself was not an acting example of the statement, declared that truth made the success of a gentleman. David Barclay was a mirror of truthfulness: and this was the secret of his powerful influence as a man of business. His character induced the statesmen of the day to seek his advice. On many occasions his sterling character made him free and independent. The ignorant thought him supernatural, but the secret of his greatness was his tone of truth.

Paul said, the man that has truth and is rich in spirit fears nothing, and certain it is that the man who has no fear is free. Most of the misfortunes of life come through ignorance. The Russian proverb says misfortune is next door to stupidity. That which makes men free, strong and obedient is not riches nor fashion, but truth, the enjoyment of which is the crown of all happiness.

I shall conclude by saying that a knowledge of truth teaches us our duty; duty teaches us obedience to law, and this intelligent obedience is the key to happiness, and happiness is freedom of mind and body.

CAST ON THE WATERS.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 436.)

TOD took the basket and went down to the spring. There was a pole they used for drawing up water there, and he took a cord and tied the basket to the center of the pole, and laid it cross-ways over the spring, suspending the basket by the string so that it would just touch the surface.

Then he sprinkled the flowers with water, and left them in their cool, damp hiding place.

He felt a little lonely without Art to sleep with him, but as it happened quite often that his cousin spent the night with some of the other boys, he was getting somewhat used to being alone.

He could not help thinking, though, that tonight, as long as they were all going to be up and off early tomorrow on the same errand, he himself might have been invited to make one of the "sleeping party;" but then he was so used to being slighted by the bigger boys that he didn't mind this much either now. Besides he was too sleepy to think very long about anything, and had soon forgotten all trials and ambitions in a dreamless sleep. It must have been the early rising his mind was charged with that woke him up, for he was usually a sound sleeper.

His face was turned towards the window, and he thought at first the bright moonlight outside was daybreak. Then he became conscious of a single gleam of light directly in front of him, and fixing his sleepy eyes upon it he realized finally that it was a light in the window across the way.

Was Mother Reede up yet? She usually went to bed at dark in the summer. It must be that it was early yet, and that he had slept only a few minutes. As if in answer to this guess,

the clock on the mantel struck one, two. Then it was late, and Mother Reede, yes, there she was, her bent figure and gray head outlined through the window, looking out into the night. Poor, anxious soul! He knew now what it meant.

Two o'clock in the morning, and she was still up keeping watch of her flowers. It meant much to her—that little moonlit stretch of garden; food, perhaps, and clothing. Poor, tired woman! She was rising now, perhaps to go to bed. Yes, at last; the candle was extinguished, and the long vigil was over. No one would keep awake till this hour to outwit her, and pillage her garden. For once she had foiled the cruel set, whoever they were, that had so often caused her to lament.

Who had been those dastardly thieves? Who, indeed, of any that Tod knew could have heart to worry the lonely old woman? Tod grew very sleepy again as he wondered about it.

The moon was evidently sinking out of sight, for the white light was growing dim, and he could hardly see the objects that had been so plain a few moments before. What was that, though, on the sidewalk opposite? It looked like objects moving. No, it was quiet now; there was nothing after all. Only the shadow of the posts of Mother Reede's fence lying out along the sidewalk.

Tod's eyes closed and opened again. Was there really something moving across the way? He was too sleepy almost to wonder. His eyelids drooped heavily, sought to lift themselves for another look and failed. Closed tight now, they were, and Tod slept again, slept dreamlessly.

Daylight this time without mistake! That was broad sunlight, indeed, that met his second waking. Nearly eight,

the clock pointed, and he meant to have had breakfast and been started on his way up town by this time. Strange some of them had not called him!

"Hasn't Art come yet, Aunt Kate?"

Tod asked, as he went into the kitchen.

"No. I guess he had breakfast with Alf."

"But he is going to call for me, ain't he?"

"I don't now what he's going to do, he didn't say."

Tod's lip quivered. They had talked it over a half-dozen times that the boys were all to start out together, sell their flowers, see the parade, and spend a little of their earnings on ice-cream or soda water to celebrate the holiday, and now——

"I don't s'pose they're gone off yet," Art's mother said, seeing Tod's down-cast face. "You'd better hurry and eat your breakfast and go over to Alf's. They're probably waiting for you over there."

Tod followed her bidding, gulping down his breakfast with little appetite, however, in view of the excitement of the day.

Finishing his meal in a few moments, he took his hat and sped up the street to Alf's home.

"The boys went off quite a while ago," Alf's mother said in answer to Tod's question.

Tod turned away without a word. Tears were in his eyes, but he kept them resolutely back. Not for worlds would he permit himself to shed tears for the poor trick they had served him. To get the better of him, they had meanly left him behind, thinking to sell their own flowers before he should be in the field with his finer ones.

Well, he could go alone, and as for selling the flowers, he had little anxiety

on that score; only, there was the fun they were all to have had together afterward; they might have thought of that. But he would have his fun anyway, even if alone. His pride was making a mighty struggle against his hurt feelings, but his lip quivered spite of his brave effort. There was no time to lose, however, and he hurried home for his basket. As he reached the corner he saw Mother Reede sitting in her doorway. Her head was leaning on her hand so that he could not see her face; but there was something in her forlorn attitude that woke instant compassion in Tod's warm heart. He called out to her, and as she looked up he saw that something was wrong. She was very pale, and looked worn and anxious.

"What's the matter, Mother Reede?" he asked.

She pointed to her rose trees and garden. "Can't you see?" she said.

Tod looked at them and at her wonderingly. There was not a flower to be seen.

"Tod, I set up till two o'clock last night watchin', and then after all, when I'd gone to bed, they came in and took my flowers; stripped my rose bushes, and pulled up nearly all the others by the roots."

"They? Who?" asked Tod, breathlessly.

"Who? Why, the ones that have done it before, that have been doing it right straight along for the last two years."

"Mother Reede, I'd find out who it was if I had to hunt night and day, and have 'em arrested," said Tod, in fiery indignation.

"I guess I know who it was. But it's just this—I can't lay my hands on 'em. To have 'em arrested I've got to

have proof, and I could only give my suspicions."

"But, Mother Reede, ain't you going to do anything at all?"

"Anything I could do won't bring me back my flowers. She spoke in a tone that brought the tears to Tod's eyes.

"My customers was comin' at nine o'clock for 'em, and it's after eight now.

I could have made all of five dollars if I'd had 'em ready," she said.

Tod swallowed a great lump in his throat. He knew how poor she was, and could guess what the loss would mean to her.

"Don't you feel bad about it, Mother Reede," he said, longing to comfort her; "it's sure to come out all right."

"It's just about made me sick," she said simply.

Tod could believe that, she was so very pale. A thought came to him and he spoke impulsively:

"Mother Reede, you just wait here a minute till I come back."

He ran across the street to his home, and in a moment was down at the spring. There was the basket safe and sound, and the flowers lovelier than ever, in the morning sunlight, it seemed to Tod.

He ran back again to Mother Reede and put the basket on the step beside her.

"Here are some flowers to take the place of yours," he said, smiling at her brightly.

Mother Reede lifted the lid and looked in. There they were, the beautiful cream and pink and crimson blooms, moist and fresh as if just plucked from the bushes. Mother Reede drew a long breath of delight; then her dim eyes filled with tears.

"Tod, these are the flowers Melby's gardener gave you to sell today."

"Yes, but they are mine to do what I please with, and I want to give them to you."

"God bless your generous little soul, honey! Why, Tod, I wouldn't let you do it, not if I was starving. I couldn't have the heart."

Tod lifted the lid of the basket and took out his "Love-in-a-mist."

"I'm going to take these for mother's grave," he said. Then, without waiting to hear more, he sped off up the street.

Half-way along the block he glanced back. Mother Reede was still sitting in the doorway, her face again sunk in her hands, and this time her bent frame was shaking with sobs.

It was a long walk from home to the cemetery, and having put his dainty wreath on the plain little head-board standing at his mother's grave, Tod rested for a long time in one of the little pavilions inside the grounds, watching the people passing to and fro. Presently in one of the carriages he recognized the Melbys, who were coming from their lot in the cemetery, having decorated the great monument that stood in its center with duplicates of the beautiful flowers that had been given him.

Arthur Melby, the only child left the oft-bereaved couple, was riding on the front seat with the driver, and seeing Tod, at once called out to him to come and get into the carriage. Tod hesitated, but Mrs. Melby also called to him, and he climbed up into the seat with Arthur.

"It is fortunate we didn't miss you, for we were just about to drive down home for you. Arthur is going down town to spend some money, and we would like to have you go with him; that is, if you care for ice-cream and candy, and all the sweet things that

make his own mouth water," said Mrs. Melby.

"Yes, he does like them," asserted Arthur. "We'll have a jolly time till dinner, Tod, and then papa has promised to take us both to the bicycle races down at the park."

The Melbys had taken a great fancy to the delicate-looking boy who was so much around the grounds with the gardener, and Arthur especially had been in his company constantly.

As they drove through the cemetery gates, Tod saw Art and his two chums standing just outside, trying to sell flowers to the crowds passing in. They had evidently met with sorry success so far, however, as each of their baskets seemed to be filled yet with flowers.

"Hello, Tod!" Art called out, his eyes widening with surprise as he saw his cousin in the carriage. "Have you sold out?" he asked with an anxious tone as they came nearer.

Tod answered absently. His eyes were fixed on the flowers in Art's basket, where, among the less familiar pinks and roses, were the well-known, old fashioned flowers that grew in Mother Reede's garden.

"To think she should die just as this streak of good fortune had come to her!"

It was Mother Reede of whom these words were just spoken. She had died after a few days' illness, that had not seemed serious to anyone about her, yielding, it was thought afterwards, to the shock of hearing of the death of her absent brother, the one relative left alive in the world of all her family. It was a neighbor of Art's mother who had come for a moment's gossip that had spoken.

"What was the whole story about

that anyway?" she asked. I've never heard the straight of it."

"Well, you see, her folks back east was always wealthy, but they disowned her when she came out and joined the Mormons. None of 'em ever wrote to her 'cept this one brother, and when he died about a month ago 't was found out he'd left her forty thousand dollars, half the property he owned."

"Who got the rest of it?"

"Oh, his wife, of course. She's about twenty years younger than he was. He married twice, and his first wife died.

"And to think Mother Reede should leave every speck of her money to your little nephew! How on earth did it ever happen?"

"Spite, I guess, I don't know what else. You know that scamp Alf Stone my Art used to go with, told some great yarn about my boy gettin' 'em to steal her flowers Decoration Day, and I guess she thought she'd get even with him through favorin' Tod."

"I don't know about that, Mrs. Dowley. She always seemed to set great store by the boy, 'specially after his givin' her them flowers. Seems as if she'd never tire tellin' about that. She said he come to her like a little comfortin' angel that day, his blue eyes shinin' like stars when he showed her the flowers. Tod is a sweet child to look at anyway, I think."

"Well, he played his cards well that time, sure enough."

"Is he goin' to stay right here with you, Mrs. Dowley?"

"Land no! I don't s'pose we could live in the same house with him now. Besides, the will read that 'twas on condition he should go to New York and live with his brother's wife till he was educated, that he could inherit Mother Reede's money."

"I wonder how she'll feel about it."

"Oh, I guess she feels all right. Seems Mother Reede had wrote to her about Tod before she was took sick; and yesterday we got a letter sayin' she was comin' out here to take him home with her. She's all alone in the world, I hear, and I guess she'll be glad to have Tod to take care of. It's Tod that's to be pitied, leavin' a good home, and goin' way off to New York to live with a stranger."

Her visitor's mouth twitched into a queer smile.

"Well, maybe it'll turn out all for the best," she said.

Josephine Spencer.

IDEAS ON WITCHCRAFT.

EVER since the rebellion in heaven, when Lucifer stood out against the will of the Father, and for all we know, even before that time, there have existed two forces, good and evil. For the impersonation and author of the one, we look to God; of the other, to the rebellious Son. Both of these beings have power, and manifest it among men. In the sacred priesthood we feel the authority of God, and in priestcraft that of Satan.

At the time Aaron cast his rod before the unbelieving Pharaoh and it was changed into a serpent, the magicians cast theirs down, and they also were changed in the same manner. Aaron's serpent, however, swallowed up the others. Here were miracles, evidently wrought by two opposite powers. The magicians did not change their inanimate rods to living serpents by any personal skill, but clearly by the power of the evil one. The overcoming of the other reptiles by Aaron's serpent indicated that the authority held by him

was given by a greater being than the one who had given the ability to the magicians.

In Saul's time, the Bible tells us, there were persons in the land possessing familiar spirits. The king, before the last battle, in which his whole house was destroyed, consulted a woman at Endor, who by some power was able to call up the spirit of the Prophet Samuel. The old man told Saul of his terrible fate, although the king's prayers had not been answered, and he could in no manner gain direction from God. This instance shows that an evil spirit can at times call even the righteous from their rest. In this case, however, the permission of God was doubtless given for a special purpose. In the New Testament we read of many men and women who were possessed with evil spirits; but in every case these spirits obeyed the command of those holding the priesthood, and withdrew from the afflicted bodies. In no instance mentioned in either the Old or the New Testament, however, do we find an innocent person injured either by being taken possession of by these fallen angels, or by the influence of others so possessed.

During the Middle Ages, and even in comparatively modern times, the belief in witchcraft was common. In England it was not a rare occurrence for women to be ducked, and in other ways punished as witches. In our own country were lamentable instances of ignorance and bigotry, and many innocent persons were tortured and killed on account of their supposed confederacy with the devil.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century the people of Massachusetts were almost insane over this subject. The most influential men of the colony,

and those who should have been the most intelligent, directed the persecution. The trouble grew out of the strange actions of some children who pretended that they were bewitched, in order to secure the unjust punishment of an ignorant laundress, whom they accused of theft. The result was that the mother of the girl was executed as a witch, although no evil could be found in her, except that she was unable to repeat the Lord's Prayer in English. Cotton Mather, the most prominent minister of the colonies, was the chief mover in the prosecution. Blinded by his superstitions, and the flattery of the thirteen year old girl, who had first claimed that she was bewitched, he zealously endeavored to free the colony from the imaginary evil, and wrote an account of the affair as an answer to Atheism.

The village of Salem, which was given this name—meaning peace—by John Endicott, its founder, proved to be the seat of the most notable persecutions. In the family of Samuel Parris, the minister, two children began to behave strangely and said that they were under the power of evil spirits that had come upon them at the direction of the servant, an Indian woman named Tituba. The woman's husband confessed that she had repeated an incantation; and after she had been severely flogged, to escape further punishment, she said that she was a witch. There was no object in killing her, and she was kept as a living witness of the power of witchery. Parris had not been in harmony with his parishioners for some time, and now saw an opportunity to show his power and revenge himself upon at least some of those who had gained his ill-will. Accusations were soon made against several persons of

the village. Parris prompted the answers of his children, and acted as chief witness and prosecutor in all the trials. The principal judge was a bigoted, ignorant man named Stoughton, who had obtained his position on account of his wealth, which as a diver he had gained from a Spanish wreck. The jury were prejudiced, and the most important men of the colony, the ministers, were the most zealous in bringing the accused persons to trial.

To maintain that there was no such thing as witchcraft was taken as certain proof of one's guilt. The accusers picked out the poorest and most helpless people for their victims. Any small accident or misfortune was generally blamed upon witches; and after a quarrel between neighbors, if any animal belonging to either should die, the accusation of having caused the trouble by the aid of evil spirits was often laid upon the other. If a person was tried for witchcraft, and should confess his guilt, he was immediately released without punishment; but if he declared his innocence, he was executed. No one was safe. The ministers, who should have been the first to eradicate the evil, only inflamed it. Cotton Mather continued to write upon the subject, and considered it a personal offense if anyone dared to state that witchcraft, in the sense in which it was then taken, could not exist.

It was only after twenty persons had been hanged or put to death by some other terrible means, and fifty-five had been tortured until they had declared falsely that they were guilty, that the people began to realize that what they had considered just punishment was simply judicial murder.

After public opinion had once turned, there were other trials, and the same

evidence was presented that had been given in former cases, but no convictions followed. From this time on the political power of the ministers declined. Men felt that they could follow blindly the teaching of no one. Common sense was more frequently employed in all matters, and thoughtful persons determined not to believe anything that they could not justify by reason. Those to whom they had looked for light had wandered terribly astray. They had mixed with the pure truths of the Bible, false and vicious ideas that had originated far back in Pagan times, and while the professed followers of the gentle Master, they had instigated some of the most awful violations of His laws.

This deplorable chapter in our history shows what crimes men may commit, while believing that they are doing God service, as some engaged in this work of persecution must have done. Cotton Mather could not have been so bloodthirsty as to pursue the course he did to gratify personal feelings only. Indeed, he declared publicly that witchcraft was the most horrid treason against heaven and therefore a capital offense. But from these sad incidents we learn, among many other lessons, that contained in the old Latin proverb: "*Diis injuriæ, diis curæ*"—"The injuries of God are the cares of God." *J. J. C.*

You must begin at a low round of the ladder if you mean to get on.

You will find that most books worth reading once are worth reading twice.

POLITENESS is real kindness kindly expressed.

To use books rightly is to go to them for help.

A PROPHECY.

HAVING read many of the testimonies of the Saints bespeaking the truth of the Gospel, I thought perhaps the following might also be read with interest:

About sixteen years since, while living in Springville, Utah County, with my parents, Elder Edward Stevenson paid a visit to that city, and while addressing the children in Sabbath school, he remarked that many of those before him would be called to preach the Gospel in foreign lands, and pointing to me he said, "And that boy will be one of them." Of course this rather frightened me, as the thought of leaving my mother was anything but a pleasant one to me at that time. I was twitted at times concerning this for a long time, and on one occasion I made the remark that if I ever received a call I would be missing, or would not go.

In the spring and summer of 1891, I was afflicted more or less with la grippe, and finally got so weak I could scarcely work. I also suffered from headache every day. I told my mother at last that I intended to fast and pray to God to restore me to health and thereby grant me a testimony of the truth of the Gospel. I received an answer to my prayers. My appetite, which had previously been very poor, returned to me, the headache ceased, and has troubled me but little since, and I was soon as strong and well as ever. I am thankful to God that I was blessed to receive this great testimony, which I trust may never be shaken, and which has since been strengthened by many others of a like nature.

Following the above, I received a call in September, 1894, to perform a mission to this land, thus fulfilling the prophecy uttered by Elder Stevenson some fourteen years previous. It is to

me another evidence of the truth of the Gospel, and it is in response to that call that I am now laboring for the spread of truth in this land. Thus far I have been greatly blessed of God, and my labors are continually being crowned with success. *P. A. Waters.*

NGARUAWAHIA, WAIKATO, N. Z.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

DEATH OF APOSTLE ABRAHAM H. CANNON.

WITH a feeling which neither tongue nor pen can express, we announce to our readers, and make record in these columns of, the death of Abraham Hoagland Cannon. His sickness in the acute form which confined him to his bed was of scarcely two weeks' duration. He was out for the last time on Sunday, the 5th of July. With the breaking of the dawn on Sunday, the 19th, his noble spirit obtained release from its tired casket of mortality, and went back to the Father who gave it.

No mature reader or patron of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR needs from us either introduction to or words of praise for the departed one. There is scarcely even a child in Zion who has not learned to love and know him. His life, though so short, has for years been spent with and before the people, old and young. It was an open book, to be read and admired of all men for its purity, energy and absolute honesty. Thoroughly business-like in all his methods, he was nevertheless charitable and forbearing; with scrupulous exactness in all his affairs, he was not less generous than just. His heart was sound, his hand ever ready to aid, his mind filled with high thoughts and aspirations for the benefit of mankind. Himself a type of rare obedience as a son from childhood up, and as a servant

of the Lord during all his young manhood, he was peculiarly qualified to teach this great lesson to the youth of Israel by word of mouth and by his writings. Filled with the knowledge of the Gospel and inspired by the light which accompanies it, he knew whereof he spoke when dwelling upon the beauties of revealed religion and the great blessings which follow the sincere believer. He was not only a teacher of the true word, but a doer of it also. Possessed of singular openness of character and of extraordinary industry, he had nothing but contempt for a hypocrite and no sympathy whatever with a sluggard. Yet to men's failings was he ever kind, and that exalted charity which is so sweet an attribute of divinity never had a truer human exemplar than he. Peaceful yet courageous, quiet yet unswerving of purpose, humble among his brethren yet valiant under every condition for the testimony of Jesus and in the defense of right, he was all in all a MAN, and we shall not soon look upon his like again.

Abraham H. Cannon, the son of George Q. and Elizabeth Hoagland Cannon, was born in this city March 12, 1859. His father was absent from home on a mission at the time, and the babe received the name of his grandfather, the late Bishop Abraham Hoagland. He was baptized when eight years of age, and soon afterwards began that willing faithfulness in the ministry which always characterized him, by performing the duties of a deacon in the Fourteenth Ward. He was a regular attendant at Sunday school and truly loved to go; indeed he was essentially and inherently a good boy—a model of truthfulness and obedience. In due time, when he was twenty years of age, he was called upon a mission, and responded with readi-

ness. His first field of labor was in England; subsequently he went to the Swiss and German mission, where he mastered the language so thoroughly as to be able to write some of the hymns which the German Saints still sing in their assemblages. His knowledge of music also assisted him in the arrangement of a song-book specially prepared for use in that mission, and the president insisted that his name should be perpetuated on the title page as one of the publishers. After an absence of about two years and a half he returned home; and in the fall of 1882, he was chosen one of the first seven presidents of Seventies. He zealously performed the duties of that high office until the autumn of 1889, when he was called and ordained to the Apostleship, being then and up to the time of his death the junior member of the quorum. During the "crusade," he served a term in the penitentiary for conscience sake, being sentenced to a fine and six months' imprisonment for what the law termed "unlawful cohabitation." It was during this trying ordeal that he became so intimately associated and acquainted with President Lorenzo Snow—a friendship feelingly referred to by the latter in his remarks at the funeral.

It is not necessary to dwell upon the labors of the deceased in the Apostleship, nor to mention in detail the many positions of honor and trust he occupied in the business world in this city and state. His connection with this journal, however, deserves more than a passing allusion. Immediately upon his return from his mission he entered this office as manager of the entire business, and assistant editor of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. He did not consider himself a fluent or ready writer, yet some of the best work that has been done on the paper during the last twelve

or fourteen years has been the product of his pen, while the amount that he has contributed is prodigious and quite beyond the calculation of all save those who have been with him all the time.

What he has also done for other periodicals would if known cause him to be regarded as one of the most industrious and prolific writers in the community; and when to all this is added his personal management of the papers in question and the aid rendered in the management of numerous other enterprises of magnitude, it hardly need be said that great as was his capacity for work, it has been taxed to the uttermost. The service he has rendered this paper has not perhaps been fully appreciated, but it can never be forgotten. He was so completely identified with the establishment that in his loss it seems as if the greater and better part had gone. It is hard to believe that his place can ever be filled; surely he will be missed, not only in the walks of life where he was daily seen, but by the thousands over whom his talents, his influence and his example were exercised for good.

But "the Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord!" Abraham H. Cannon has earned his rest and his reward, and he has gone to their enjoyment. He leaves an untarnished name, a spotless record—a priceless heritage to his family, his loved ones and the youth of Zion. Mourning him as a loved one gone before, cut down in the very vigor of his manhood and when the future seemed so full of glorious promise for him, we who remain can but hope and strive for a blissful reunion with him in eternity. May his pure life and love sanctify all our endeavors in the continued battle of life! May that tired body of his have sweet, peaceful rest!

The Editor.

Our Little Folks.

BIBLE STORIES FOR THE CHILDREN.

Saul and David.

WHEN David killed the giant, Saul was so well pleased that he made him captain over all the army, and would not let him go back to his father's house.

All the soldiers and the servants of Saul loved David and respected him, for he tried to do what was right and best at all times, and did not feel vain and proud because he had killed the big giant, although it was something which all the rest were afraid to try to do; but he knew the Lord had helped him to destroy the enemy of the Israelites, and he thanked God for it and tried to do whatever else might be required of him for the benefit of the Lord's people.

As they were coming home from the battle, all the women came out to meet them and to rejoice over their victory. They were singing and dancing, and playing on different instruments of music; and as they sang they said to one another, "Saul hath slain his thousands and David his ten thousand."

This made Saul quite angry and jealous, for he saw that they gave David much more credit than they did him.

One day Saul had one of his bad spells, and David came in to play on the harp for him as he used to do, but Saul had a long iron spear with a sharp point, called a javelin, in his hand, and he threw it at David hoping it would go through him and pin him to the wall, the same as we might pin a fly to the wall; but David escaped, for the Lord was with him and did not intend that any harm should befall him.

Again Saul threw the javelin at him and missed him, and then he became

afraid, for he knew the Lord was with David instead of himself, so he sent David away from his house and made him captain over a thousand soldiers, hoping he would be killed in battle.

David continued to act very wisely, so that all the people loved him, and Saul became still more jealous, for he feared that David would some day be king instead of himself, though, of course, he did not know that David had already been anointed, and he tried to arrange a plan by which he might get rid of him; so he told David that he might marry one of his daughters, for he thought that he could then manage to get him into trouble in some way; but David said it was more than he could expect, to become son-in-law to the king.

Saul then had some of his servants talk to David secretly and tell him that the king and his people thought so much of him that they wanted him to marry Saul's daughter, and that it did not matter if he was a poor man, because Saul had said that in place of giving money for the privilege of marrying his daughter, he might kill one hundred of the Philistines and bring something to prove that he had done so.

Saul was in hopes the Philistines would kill David while he was trying to kill one hundred of them, but David was not afraid, and in fact he was quite pleased with the prospect, for he liked the king's daughter, who was called Michal, and she liked him; so he started out with his men, and killed two hundred of the Philistines and brought the proof of it to the king.

Then Saul told his son Jonathan and all the servants that they should kill David; but Jonathan loved David very dearly, and I will tell you next time how he tried to save him.

Celia A. Smith.

HENRY MARTIN'S APRIL FOOL.

A Dialogue.

SCENE I.

Characters: Mrs. Martin, Henry Martin, Mr. Jones, Elton, Roy and Lee. (Mrs. Martin discovered sewing.)

HENRY (*enters with books and slate, throwing them on the table*): Oh, mamma, we are going to have such fun on April Fool's Day!

MRS. MARTIN: We are! Who is going to make fun for us?

HENRY: Oh, I mean us boys—I and my classmates. We are going——

MRS. MARTIN: Henry, please put your books and slate in the library, and then I will listen to your story.

HENRY (*puts away books, then takes a chair by his mother*): Now, mamma, us boys have planned so many tricks to play on the teacher and scholars. We'll fix soap and cayenne pepper in gum and candy, and treat them all; and we'll hide the teacher's bell, and——

MRS. MARTIN: Are you not afraid of offending your teacher?

HENRY: Oh, if he was mad he would not dare to show it. We've got lots of tricks to play on him. And there is old man Jones, we are going to send him a large envelope. He will think it an official appointment. Won't he be fooled when he opens it and only finds "April Fool" written inside? He has been trying so long to get an office.

MRS. MARTIN: Well, who is the next one?

HENRY: Oh, I am going to fool Bridget. I will fill her milk-pail with water; she will think I have been for the milk, and I will fill her coal-skuttle with rocks, and put coal enough on top to hide them. Won't it be fun to see her pile it all on the fire?

MRS. MARTIN: Henry, will that bring happiness to Bridget?

HENRY: Of course not; it will only be fun for me. Anything is fair on the first of April.

MRS. MARTIN: I do not know so much about that. Let us draw a mind picture for one minute. We will suppose you were a man seventy years old, and had a wife sixty-five years old; you were not able to work, your wife was never well, and you had no income nor relatives to help you in any way.

HENRY: Oh, mamma, I never want to come to that.

MRS. MARTIN: Now listen. And there was a city office that you could attend to quite easy, thereby getting money enough to support yourself and wife, and not have to live on the charity of the people.

HENRY: We have been doing a great wrong, and I will never make fun of Brother Jones again.

MRS. MARTIN: Well, then, if that is wrong, is it not just as wrong to cause anyone sorrow or disappointment? My boy, it is wrong and cruel; nor will it ever bring anyone true happiness.

HENRY: I see you are right. I am so glad that I did not keep any of my plans from you. But will you not help us to plan some April Fool tricks that will bring happiness to all?

MRS. MARTIN: The only thing that will bring anyone true happiness is to do unto others as you would have them do to you. So, when you want to play a trick on anybody, try to put yourself in their place, and then think of what kind of a trick you would like to have them play on you; then I believe you will know just what to do.

HENRY (*rising*): Mamma, I believe I will hurry up with my chores and go down town and see my class-mates; I know

they will be as willing to take your advice as I am.

MRS. MARTIN: I think that a good plan. I hope you will always use your influence for good among your play-mates (*rising*). I will go and prepare supper by the time your work is done. (*Exunt.*)

Curtain.

SCENE II.

BRIDGET (*entering from left with face tied up*):

Locks! me mistress will sure be angry; me ould tooth would niver be aisay at all at all, and just as I should have been getting mesel out of bed, me ould tooth let me drop to sleep Arrah! it's April Fools day. I have fooled mesel first of all wid slaping so late, and now I'll be after fooling all the rest if I don't hurry wid the breakfast; and niver a bit did I bring in me kindling wood or coal, so I'd better be after getting mesel to the kitchen. (*Exit right entrance.*)

BRIDGET (*outside*): Arrah how has this foine fire got into me stove, and me tay-kettle steaming hot?

HENRY (*poking head in at back door*): Oh, Bridget! April Fool!

BRIDGET (*appearing at right entrance*): Good luck to me foine bye, with such nate tricks. Now I can hurry after me milk. (*Exit*)

BRIDGET (*outside*): Locks, and the young scamp has been after filling me pail wid milk. I nearly spilled it all, wid the pail bein' so full when I thought it empty.

HENRY: April Fool, Bridget.

BRIDGET (*entering shaking fist at Henry*): Oi'll be aven wid ye before the day is done, after yes getting sich iligent tricks on me as these. Me ould tooth

has forgot all its trouble. Now ye can go bring the folks to the dinin'-room while I make ready for breakfast, and moind how I get even wid ye (*exit*.)

HENRY (*goes out laughing and clapping his hands*).

SCENE III.

(*Street with old man standing by the Post Office with a yellow envelope. Boys watching him*).

MR. JONES: Is this possible! They said I need not pay any more taxes; what can I do? I have no money, nor can I get any.

BOYS (*coming forward*): And you do not need any. Open your envelope and look inside.

MR. JONES (*opens letter*): An official appointment! Boys, this cannot be true. Somebody has sent this for an April Fool trick. Oh, it is cruel to treat me so!

BOYS (*in concert*): No, no, Brother Jones, this is not a joke.

ELTON: Ray, tell him all about it.

RAY: We boys decided to play a trick on you that would bring you happiness and help. So we got up a petition and secured to you the office you have so long desired and needed.

LEE: And we put the appointment in a tax-collector's envelope to fool you; but we are sorry we did even that.

MR. JONES: God bless you, boys! God bless you! If I could only make you realize what a blessed thing you have done for me today; it has made me young again. I shall never forget you, never, never! And your good deeds will go with you into eternity, and you will be rewarded there.

BOYS (*in concert*): Thank you, Brother Jones.

(*Shakes hands with boys as curtain falls*).

SCENE IV.

HENRY: (*enter from one side; Elton and boys from the other*).

ELTON: Hello, Henry! How do you feel today after your grand April Fool yesterday?

HENRY: Well, boys, yesterday was the happiest day of my life. Bridget said she would get even with me; but I think she surprised us all. What a grand supper she had!

LEE: And what beautiful games she taught us; every one contained such a good lesson.

ELTON: I say, Henry, you got rewarded in a hurry for the good deeds you did yesterday.

HENRY: Brother Jones told us that our good deeds would go with us into eternity, and we would get rewarded there.

RAY: So we will, and Bridget will get a reward for being so good last night.

LEE: Did we not have a good time in school all day, playing our new kind of tricks on the teacher and pupils?

ELTON: How pleased the teacher was. He said it was the happiest school day he had ever known.

RAY: I believe he meant what he said, and I do hope we will all be benefited by the good lessons we have learned.

LEE: I have been thinking what a grand thing it is for boys and girls, too, for that matter, to make confidants of their mothers, for if Henry had not done this yesterday would have ended, no doubt, in sorrow and disappointment to many, and discomfort and humiliation to ourselves.

HENRY: But it has ended in true happiness to all (*to audience*), and we hope that you have all gained some little

good from "Henry Martin's April Fool."

(*All bow as curtain falls.*)

Jane Hatch.

KOOSHAREM, PIUTE CO.

ROBBIE RICHARDS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 439.)

WHILE upon his mission Robbie had the privilege of visiting some of his relatives. His mother's parents and brothers and sisters were still residing in their native village. Misfortunes had overtaken them since he and his mother left them some twenty years before, and they were all in very poor circumstances.

They were glad to see Robbie and to learn from him how his mother was getting along. They had heard such strange and horrible stories about the Mormons that they did not expect to find Robbie such an intelligent and refined gentleman as he was. His appearance convinced them at once that they had been misinformed about his people.

Robbie took every opportunity to explain the Gospel to them, and they were now humble enough to listen to his testimony. Before he was released from his mission his mother's parents and two of his sisters applied to him for baptism.

Robbie remained a little over two years in the missionary field. When he was released to return home he arranged to have his grandparents whom he baptized go along with him.

You can perhaps imagine how happy the meeting was when he reached his home in Salt Lake City, accompanied by his grandfather and grandmother, who had not seen their daughter (Robbie's mother) for over twenty years. His own return was also a source of

great pleasure to his mother, his wife and their little one, who was only a small baby when he went away.

Soon after returning from his mission Robbie was called to take charge of a business in one of the larger towns south of Salt Lake City. To this place he took his family, his mother and grandparents, having sold what property they owned in the city.

Robbie continued to prosper in his new home, and now he has quite a family of boys and girls. His mother still lives near him in a little cottage of her own. His grandfather and grandmother have both gone to another world to meet the reward of their labors.

In reflecting upon the past Robbie cannot help but think of the many blessings the Gospel has brought to him and his mother. When he tries to imagine what would have been his condition if his mother remained in the old home, surrounded with poverty and vice, he cannot help but feel thankful to the Lord that the love of the Gospel induced her to forsake her native country and come to Zion, where he would have an opportunity to gain an honorable position among mankind. If the Gospel benefited people only in this life it would be a precious boon; but besides making their condition better here, it fits them to enjoy a happier life in the world to come.

A LITTLE BAND OF MERCY BOY.

LITTLE Merlin was only two years old. He would toss his pet kitten on the floor sometimes and hurt it. His older sister tried in every way she could to teach him to be gentle with it.

He liked to do as his sister did, and soon we could see that he was learning to be kind to all his little pets. His

kitten was jet black, and almost every day he would bring a red ribbon or red braid to tie around its neck.

One day Merlin ran away to the blackberry bushes, and when found he was crying with an ugly thorn in his foot. He was a brave little hero, though, and allowed his mamma to pick it out with a needle.

A half hour afterward he was found intently examining the claws in his kitty's feet; a sad expression rested on the thoughtful little face as he carried his pet to his mamma, saying: "Poor kitty—foot—bier, mamma, fix it."

YOUNG FOLK'S STORIES.

The Gift of Healing.

It is my desire to tell the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR of what I witnessed. In 1893, I was attending school. One day I came home afflicted with the Saintvitus dance. I got worse every day until I lost my speech, and was entirely helpless. I was like that for about three weeks. I was administered to often, and gained strength thereby. My mother and father took me one day to fast meeting, where I was administered to, and I went home and could talk and walk from that time. I grew strong, and now I am as well as anybody.

I write these few lines as a testimony, so that others may have faith in God.

Ida England. Age 13.

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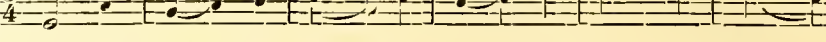
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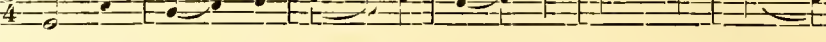
Smoothly.

1ST.



1. By the streams' clear wa - ters stray - ing, O'er the wood - land
2. Hark, their mer - ry voice - es sing - ing! Sounds of mirth and

2ND.



1. By the streams' clear wa - ters stray - ing,
2. Hark, their mer - ry voice - es sing - ing!

hills now may - ing, Pleas - ant hours the child - ren spend, As they
mu - sic ring - ing, All the fair - y ech - oes wake; While they

O'er the wood - land hills now may - ing, Pleasart hours the child - ren
Sounds of mirth and mu - sic ring - ing, All the fair - y ech - oes

thro' the path - ways wend, Seek - ing charms that grace
sim - ple joys par - take, Un - der ev' - ry bow -

spend, As they thro' the path - ways wend, Seek - ing
wake, While they sim - ple joys par - take, Un - der

the scene, Seek - ing charms that grace the scene.
er green, Un - der ev' - ry bow - er green.

charms that grace the scene, that grace the scene.
ev' - ry bow - er green, ev' - ry bow - er green.

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